24

I go to consult Marcel Drouin about the Claudel proofs I am correcting. Wonderful *Connaissance de I'Est,* which I am rereading with close attention. Certain less ample, less inspired chapters still do not mar the book; a large number of them are of the loftiest beauty.

Spent some time also on the edition of Signoret, which the *Mercure* has agreed to bring out for the support of the poor widow. Some of these poems (almost all the last ones) are among the most dazzling and stately that I know. And, indeed, it is not enough to speak in this manner: to tell the truth, in our whole language I do not know any more beautiful ones.

25

Luncheon at the Ch. Gides* with Mme de Watteville. Great moral ''distinction." But is a bit too much convinced that real poets never go to the toilet. Greatly admires *VIntelligence des fleurs.™* And so on. . . .

SOApril

Go to get Gerard for I had promised to go with him to see Fabre's *Timon* at Gemier's theater. Costly evening without any advantage. Yet the play is more interesting than I had hoped. De Max good; very good even in the ironic parts of the third act.

Weakness of going with Gerard to see him after the show. We stop for a drink at the terrace of a caf6 with the ordinary, nauseating company that de Max drags along with him. Ventura suddenly appears. G6rard*s anger at being "forced to see her again." No interest. Annoyance that this lost time causes me, I hope this will do for a long time.

Never yet has the stupidity of a conversation made me suffer so much; and even more the obliging smile I forced myself to assume.

[W]A peasant sees a parrot perched on a hedge; wants to catch it, and when he takes off his hat to net it, the parrot says: 'Hello, Jacquot/

Whereupon the peasant, embarrassed, says: 'Oh, excuse me, sir, I thought you were a bird!' '*

1 adore that story,' exclaims the girl, laughing conspicuously every time de Max says anything.

I set down here, however, this bit of "social gossip" which young Nau is spreading abroad and which is of much finer quality:

'Two tiny urchins are gallivanting on the avenue du Bois. A sumptuous victoria passes. TDo you see that woman?* asks the elder; Veil, yesterday I could have screwed her.* *Do you know her?'—"No, but I had a hard on/**

[16] *The Intelligence of the Flowers* is a rather naive work by Maeterlinck, published in 1907,